

# BURLANS COUNTY MONITOR.

VOL. 3. BARTON, VERMONT, MONDAY, AUGUST 10, 1874. NO. 32.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

**BARTON.**  
C. A. ROBINSON & CO.,  
DEALERS IN CHOICE BRANDS OF FLOUR,  
DEPT. STORE.  
D. McDUGALL,  
REPAIRING TAILOR, AND DEALER IN GENTS'  
FURNISHING GOODS.  
O. D. OWEN,  
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND  
GENERAL MERCHANDISE.  
A. C. CUTLER,  
MILKERY, DRESSMAKING AND PATTERNS.  
M. HUBBARD,  
HOUSE PAINTER, PAPER HANGER, GLAZIER  
AND IMITATOR OF WOOD AND MARBLE.  
A. B. BLAKE,  
MANUFACTURER OF FLOUR, MEAL & FEED,  
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF GRAIN.  
JOHN ABLETT,  
MACHINIST AND CUSTOM BLACKSMITH,  
Agent for the sale of Horse Shoeing.  
J. N. WEBSTER,  
LIFE FIRE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE  
AGENTS.  
GROVE & BALDWIN,  
THORNTON, COFFINMAKERS & SOLICITORS.  
PERCIVAL & FORBATH,  
DEALER IN FURNITURE, COFFINS & CASKETS.  
C. F. FERRIS,  
F. T. FORBATH.  
J. N. WEBSTER,  
PHOTOGRAPHY, DEALER IN STEREOGRAPHS,  
Views, Oval, Square, and Rustic Frames.  
C. J. ROBINSON,  
PRACTICAL MILLWRIGHT, WILL DO MILL  
WORK OF ALL KINDS.  
LOUIS YOUNG,  
HARNESS MAKER AND TRIMMER, REPAIRS  
all harnesses neatly and promptly. Shop next door  
to the harness store.  
M. SARGENT,  
MANUFACTURER OF CUSTOM MADE BOOTS  
AND SHOES, Repairing promptly attended to at  
reasonable prices.  
F. W. BALDWIN,  
AGENT FOR THE CHAMPLAIN MUTUAL FIRE  
INSURANCE CO., BURLINGTON, VT. Insurance of all  
kinds placed in the best stock and Mutual Companies.  
J. W. HALL & CO.,  
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS  
and Caps, W. L. Goods, Groceries and General  
Merchandise. Will take produce in exchange.  
W. F. ROBINSON,  
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, FLOUR,  
Salt, Hops, Caps, Boots, Shoes, and Ready Made  
Clothing.  
WITHERS & CLARK,  
DEALER IN STOVES, TIN, JAPAN, WOOD  
Glass and Hollow Ware and Agricultural Imple-  
ments. All kinds of repairs in exchange.  
J. E. CASWELL,  
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING, SPECIAL  
attention paid to cutting Ladies' and Children's  
hair.  
M. J. SMITH,  
PROPRIETOR OF THE ORLEANS COUNTY  
Mills, Works, Foreign and American Marble,  
Carvings, Monuments.  
J. L. WOODMAN,  
DEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES, AND FINDINGS  
of the best kind and quality. Offered cheap for  
cash. Store opposite the Drug Store.  
J. J. HILL,  
SUCCESSOR TO P. P. GIBNEY, WILL CONTINUE  
to sell a Large Variety of Sewing and Knitting  
Machines. Orders solicited.  
J. E. DUTTON,  
SUCCESSOR TO W. J. JOSEPH & SONS, DEALER  
in Drugs, Medicines, Dry Goods, Paints, Oils, Ja-  
pan, Varnish, Brushes, Window Glass,  
Fanny Goods, Stationery and Fancy Goods.  
L. E. WOOD, JR.,  
MANUFACTURER OF WOOD, METAL, GLASS,  
Canvas and Paper Signs. Banner, Store,  
Commercial Printing, etc. Proprietor of Wood's Star  
Business Directory.  
MRS. J. N. SMITH,  
WOULD ANNOUNCE TO THE PEOPLE OF  
Burlington and vicinity, that she has now prepared  
all kinds of Plain Family Sewing, such as Shirts,  
Fanny Goods, Dress-Making, etc. Please give her a  
call. House over Woodman's store and shoe store, 3-29  
GLOVER.  
C. L. FRENCH, M. D.,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
E. E. FOSTER,  
PROPRIETOR UNION HOUSE, STAGE LEAVES  
for Montpelier Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fri-  
days and for Barton twice a day.  
D. L. DWINNELL,  
DEALER IN DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS,  
Caps and General Merchandise. The celebrated  
St. Louis Water on hand and for sale.  
N. M. SCOTT,  
PROPRIETOR GLOVER FLOURING MILLS,  
Best Family Flour Family Flour on hand. Also  
all kinds of Flour, Meal and Cakes. Picture  
and other food. N. B. Particular attention paid  
to custom grinding.  
J. W. SCOTT,  
DEALER IN HARNESSES, RIDING BRIDLES,  
Collars and Horse Clothing, Blankets, etc. All  
kinds of harnesses, saddles and Leather Covered  
Trunks, Trunks, Trunks and Caskets. Picture  
and other food. N. B. Particular attention paid  
to custom grinding.  
J. E. DWINNELL,  
MANUFACTURER and dealer in Furniture of all  
kinds and descriptions. Carpets, Room Paper  
and all kinds of Furniture. Also Coffins and Caskets. Picture  
and other food. N. B. Particular attention paid  
to custom grinding.  
MISCELLANEOUS.  
D. C. S. SKINNER,  
DRUG STORE, SUCCESSORS TO GRANDY,  
Successors to Parker, Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals,  
Hardware, Paints and Oils. Barton Landing, VT.  
DANIEL SKINNER. 4-14 C. S. SKINNER.  
MADISON COLEMAN,  
WILL KEEP ON HAND ALL THE  
latest styles of ready-made Cakes, Cakes,  
and all kinds of Confectionery. West Albany, VT.  
F. R. KENDALL,  
ATTORNEY, BARTON LANDING, VERMONT.  
W. W. MILES,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW. North Crabsbury, VT.  
ROBERT GILLIS,  
DEALER IN HARNESSES, Blankets, whips, carry  
bags, etc. Barton Landing, VT.  
J. F. WRIGHT,  
Physician and Surgeon. Office at his residence,  
Barton Landing, VT.  
DR. O. A. BENJIN,  
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
Office at Barton Landing, VT.  
CUTLER & GOSSE,  
MANUFACTURERS OF Carriages and Sleighs,  
Greenboro, VT.  
E. G. STEVENS,  
STATIONER, DENTIST, AT Little's Hotel in Barton  
Landing, every Wednesday. Barton Landing, VT.

## THE MATRIMONIAL QUESTION.

BY J. ALPHEUS.  
Pray leave me just a while to think,  
You put me in a hurry—  
It is not well to answer all  
Such questions in a hurry.  
The subject is a serious one,  
Yet I know it's nothing new;  
But it's prematurely answered,  
It may cause one's heart to rue.  
Don't surprise that I am thinking  
You're a false, or feckle heart;  
For, if that were my opinion,  
I at once would from you part.  
You will therefore please excuse me,  
If I ask a little time,  
Just to think the matter over,  
Which of course can be no crime.  
I must ask myself this question  
Most essential to life:  
Shall I still continue happy,  
If I should become your wife?  
Some young folks are very headless  
Of the afterlife in life;  
But my aim is to live happy,  
Free from all domestic strife.  
I have said I do not doubt you,  
Though I deem it well to pause,  
But now that my decision  
May accord with nature's laws.  
**OLD GRANDPA'S SOLILOQUY.**  
It wasn't so when I was young—  
We used plain language then;  
We didn't speak of "them gals" and  
When men's "boys" and men.  
When speakin' of the nice hand-write  
Of Joe, or Tom, or Bill,  
We did it plain—we didn't say  
He "sings a nasty quill."  
As when we seen a gal we liked,  
Who never failed to suit,  
We called her pretty, neat and good,  
Or "just the thing for us."  
Well, when we met a good old friend,  
We didn't say "hello,"  
We greeted him but didn't say,  
"Hello, you old rascal!"  
The boys sometimes got mad and fit,  
We spoke of kicks and blows;  
But now they say "hush him on the snout,"  
Or "paste him on the nose."  
Once, when a youth was turned away  
By her he held most dear,  
He walked upon his feet—but now  
He "walks off on his ear."  
We used to dance when I was young,  
And used to call it so,  
But now they don't—they only "sting  
The light, fantastic toe."  
Of death we spoke in language plain,  
That no one did perplex;  
But in these days one doesn't deem  
He "passes in his check."  
We praised the man of good sense;  
His judgment's good," we said;  
But now they say, "Well, that old plum  
Has got a level head."  
It's rather sad, the children now  
Are learning all such talk;  
They've learned to "chit" instead of chat  
An' "walter" instead of wait.  
To little Harry, yesterday—  
My grandchild, aged ten—  
I said, "You love grandpa?" Said he,  
"You bet your boots I do!"  
The children boast to strangers now:  
It is no longer so—  
The little girls, as well as boys,  
Now greet you with "Hello!"  
Oh, give me back the good old days,  
When both the old and young  
Conversed in plain, old-fashioned words,  
And slang was never "swung!"  
**LIVELY BUTTER.**—There is an old  
goat owned in Detroit which has received  
a great deal of training from the boys.  
Last Fourth of July they discovered that  
if they stuck a fire-cracker in the end of  
a cane and held it at William, he would  
lower his head and go for them; and  
they have practiced the trick so much  
that the goat will tackle any human be-  
ing who points a stick at him. A few  
days ago he was loafing near the corner  
of Third and Lewis Streets, when a cor-  
pulent citizen came up and stopped to  
talk with a friend. They happened to  
speak of sidewalks, when the corpulent  
citizen pointed his cane just to the left  
of the goat, and said—  
"That's the worst piece of sidewalk  
in town."  
The goat had been eyeing the cane,  
and the moment it came up he lowered  
his head, made six or eight jumps, and  
his head struck the corpulent citizen  
just on "the belt." The man went over  
into a mass of old tin, dilapidated butter  
kegs and abandoned horse skirts, and the  
goat turned a somersault the other way,  
while slim citizen threw stones at a boy  
seated on a doorstep, who was laughing  
tears as big as chestnuts, and crying out—  
"Oh, it's 'huff to kill a feller!"  
**A PRACTICAL JOKE.**—A letter from  
Dubuque, Iowa, mentions the arrival of  
a stranger from the country in that town  
a few days ago, and describes the result  
of his innocent inquiry for direction to  
the Marshall's office. He was directed  
to that officer's head quarters, and told  
that if he did not find that gentleman in,  
to step into the next room, and he  
would see a rope; to pull that and the  
Marshall would respond. He followed  
instructions to the letter, and, not find-  
ing the officer in the office, the citizens  
were soon alarmed by the ringing of the  
fire-bell. Engine and hose turned out  
head-quarters to ascertain where the fire  
was located, and found the stranger there.  
The fireman wanted to know where the  
fire was, and on his answering  
that he knew of no fire, but wanted  
to see the Marshall, one of the firemen  
so irate that he pitched into the  
stranger and gave him a sound thrashing.  
The stranger at once proceeded to  
Justice's office to take out a warrant for  
the assault, but was told if he did the  
firemen would bring suit for giving a  
false alarm which is liable to \$50 fine,  
so he decided not to sue, and when last  
heard from was hunting for the man who  
told him how to find the Marshall.

## It Happened So.

Stephen Dingby was growing old, but  
no one seeing the nice new house he  
was building would have supposed even  
for a moment, that he ever expected to  
die. Some friend had ventured to re-  
monstrate with him upon such seem-  
ingly uncalled for extravagance at so late  
a period in life, but Stephen had silenced  
all remarks by saying quietly:  
"The cage will be a nice one, and  
old as I am I may yet snare a bird to  
put in it, if I cannot catch one."  
And with carved work and gilding  
was finished what had begun, and the  
Jew's mansion stood without a rival in  
the village.  
Yes, Stephen Dingby was a Jew, and  
had a Jew's talent for money making,  
and also a Jew's talent for money keep-  
ing. The best store in the village was  
his, the best house in the village was  
his, and, aside from the wealth contain-  
ed in these, it was well known that he  
owned much real estate and had a great  
deal of money. Mammias had smiled  
approvingly, and daughters had sighed  
sentimentally at him for thirty years,  
but he still remained a bachelor. Evi-  
dently there would now be a change for  
he certainly could not intend to live  
alone in that grand house, nor would he  
be liable to let it stand untenanted and  
boarded out. "Mrs. Grinshaw, the widow,  
reflected. "Who knows who it may be,  
she said suggestively, and bought her  
daughter Mehitabe a new dress, and  
herself a new bonnet. But Stephen  
Dingby did not call. Sally Porter, a  
staid maiden lady reflected. "It is not  
impossible," said suggestively, and she  
arranged her false teeth and false hair  
to perfection, and fixed over her silver  
grey bombazine and wore it every even-  
ing. But Stephen Dingby did not call.  
In every family in town where there  
were marriageable daughters the most  
perfect order, neatness and decorum pre-  
vailed for six weeks, but Stephen Ding-  
by did not call. Meantime people talked  
and wondered and gossiped again.  
In a little brown farm house far out  
of the village dwelt Mrs. Grandison and  
her daughter Martha. When Martha's  
father died there had been heavy bills  
to pay, and Mrs. Grandison had been  
obliged to mortgage her little farm to  
Stephen Dingby in order to procure  
money. Stephen had waited long, and  
Mrs. Grandison had many times won-  
dered at his forbearance, for he was called  
a hard-hearted, exacting man, and  
frequently she had been unable to meet  
her payments when due, though both  
herself and Martha sold and picked ber-  
ries and took in sewing to add to their  
little hoard of money. The explanation  
unlooked for as it was surprising, came  
at last. One beautiful autumn day,  
while Mrs. Grandison had gone to pick  
blue berries in the three acre lot, and  
Martha sat at home sewing in the little  
sitting room, Stephen Dingby's carriage  
stopped at the door, and from it Stephen  
himself alighted. Martha quietly kept  
her seat until she heard his knock at  
the door, then she arose and opened it.  
"I am very sorry, sir, she said in re-  
ply to his inquiry for Mrs. Grandison,  
"but mother is away, and will not return  
before noon."  
"It is just as well so," he answered,  
for after all, Martha, my business relates  
entirely to yourself, and perhaps it is  
better that I should speak my mind to  
you alone."  
Martha blushed and trembled at the  
earnestness of his tone, for she could  
not guess what it foreboded. Perhaps  
Jacob was in trouble,—but she had no  
time for further supposition, for her vis-  
itor at her invitation had already enter-  
ed the house, and was seated in the chair  
opposite the one occupied by herself.  
"Sewing, eh, Martha?" he questioned.  
"Do you like to sew for a living?"  
"Oh, no, sir, not at the price we get  
here, and I often think if it were not  
for leaving mother alone, I would go to  
some large city and seek profitable em-  
ployment until our debts to you are paid."  
"Ahem, ahem," said Mr. Dingby.  
Have you seen my new house, Martha?"  
"No, sir," was the reply, "but I have  
heard of its beauty; they say it is far  
the finest house in town."  
"They say rightly, then, for so it is  
and I intend that she who is to be mis-  
tress of it shall be the finest lady in  
town."  
"Then you are to be married, Mr.  
Dingby?"  
"I hope so, if she whom I intend to  
ask will marry me."  
"I've no doubt but that she will, sir.  
I should suppose that the richest and  
by no means the worst man in town  
might readily find a lady who would be  
willing to be the mistress of the elegant  
mansion."  
"How would you like the position,  
Martha?"  
"Me!" exclaimed Martha, bewildered  
surely, sir, you are jesting. You mean  
housekeeper."  
"I said mistress, and I mean wife.  
Martha, he added impressively, "I came  
here to-day to ask you to be my wife."  
"I am sorry for you then, for I can  
not accept your offer. I love somebody  
else."

## TRANSFUSION.

HOW THE BLOOD OF A LAMB MAY SAVE  
THE PERIL.  
As the number and variety of diseases  
increase, the ingenuity of man seems to  
be limitless in the discovery of remedies  
to check them. Old Hippocrates would  
be a poor physician now. He did not  
know as much as one of our greenest  
medical graduates. Still, he, the dadd-  
y of the doctors, was sufficient for his  
own time and people. But what did  
he know about the transfusion of blood,  
or even its circulation? Aristotle him-  
self didn't know the shape of the human  
liver. Those ancient chaps were too  
innocent to look into a man while living,  
and too superstitious to dissect him  
when dead. But in these days, when  
surgeons look at the process of digestion  
through a hole in a man's stomach,  
when convicts are used as material for  
experiments, when all the machinery  
and processes of the human body are  
laid bare to curious eyes, we may expect,  
daily and hourly, new revelations.  
In the last few years, the experiment rage  
among scientific men has been startling,  
to say the least. Indeed, so many facts  
in relation to our bodies have been  
brought to light, that a wonderful im-  
petus has been given to that materialistic  
or positivistic philosophy that has pro-  
vided such a foe to the old forms of reli-  
gious orthodoxy. The whole scientific  
and medical world has watched, with  
intense interest, the progress of Huxley,  
Carpenter and Darwin in their investi-  
gations. When Huxley got to feeling  
about the dividing line between proto-  
plasm and protein,—living matter and  
dead matter,—some thought the modern  
philosopher's stone—the origin of life—  
was about to be explained. But the  
subtle thing eluded his grasp and hid  
itself, forever perhaps, beneath a veil of  
impenetrable mystery. In no way dis-  
couraged by this unexpected result,  
the scientists now say, let us take life  
as it is and thoroughly explore its secret  
channels and relations. Though men  
may not be able to know what life is,  
yet still its phenomena be well com-  
prehended. Already have the biologi-  
cal relations between everything, from  
the lowest fungus to the most perfect  
organization—the human body—been  
well classified. The life of plants is in  
the sap; the life of animals is in the  
blood; but the exact difference between  
the cells of the sap and the corpuscles  
of the blood is what we do not under-  
stand. We know that the sap of one  
plant will mix with that of another, and  
show the union in improved varieties of  
fruit. Hundreds of our fruit-growers  
innoculate, graft and bud every year,  
but few of them appreciate the secret  
energies that bring about the desired  
end. Scientists men, seeing the happy  
consequences of uniting the lives of two  
kinds of plants, have tried the experi-  
ment of combining the lives of two kinds  
of animals. They have said, if the sap  
of an apricot will mingle with that of a  
peach, and make the fruit larger and  
better, will not the blood of a healthy  
dog infused into that of a sickly cat have  
a like beneficial result? So reasoning  
and so believing, they have made some  
experiments that are not more surpris-  
ing than satisfactory. The blood of a  
healthy lamb has lately been injected into  
the veins of a consumptive man, and the  
disease removed. This is a fact that can  
be sustained, and will not appear unre-  
asonable when viewed in the light of re-  
cent discoveries. Healthy blood is just  
what the poor consumptive wants. What  
he needs is made into blood, but the  
process is imperfect and the quality is  
bad. If, then, the pure, vigorous  
blood of the lamb takes the place of the  
thin, watery fluid upon which the sick  
man has been depending for existence,  
why should we wonder at the result?  
It only proves that the life-giving  
properties of a lamb's blood are much  
the same as the life-giving properties of  
a man's blood, and that they will har-  
monize as easily as the life currents of  
the flowering-almond and the peach-tree.  
We think it more than possible this idea  
may prove the leader of a mighty reform  
in medical science, and believe it may  
be of more practical advantage than has  
ever heretofore been imagined.  
**FIFTY YEARS A PAUPER.**—The Troy  
(N. Y.) Press relates the following: In  
the mid-winter, some forty-eight years  
ago, a man by the name of Loomis died  
in Pawlet, Vt. after a long sickness,  
leaving a wife and two children. Ex-  
penses of sickness, and the loss of wages  
for daily labor, made inroads upon the  
scanty stock of money and provisions,  
and the widow was compelled to ask  
temporary assistance of the town. The  
high official refused her request, took her  
little all, and threw her and her children  
upon the town as paupers. In those days  
they were bid off by citizens to the  
highest bidder, but they now have a  
town-house. Mrs. Loomis, with a broken  
heart, and worn out by attending to her  
husband during his long sickness, gave  
up long-cherished wishes, and re-  
marked that the town of Pawlet should  
not wait for a pauper for fifty years.  
She is now 97 or 98 years of age, and  
on her last birthday made her annual  
visit from the town-house to Pawlet, a

## ATLANTIC CABLES.

Eight years ago, the New World be-  
gan to communicate with the Old by tel-  
graph. No triumph of scientific skill  
had ever been deemed equal to this, but  
since that time, other cables have been  
laid and now there are four. It is hoped  
that the charges for sending messages  
will now be more reasonable. Up to  
the present, they have been outrageous-  
ly high. When the first cable was suc-  
cessfully operated, Cyrus Field said \$20,  
about \$100, was the least that would be  
charged for any message not exceeding  
ten words. This would, of course, have  
cut off poor people or even those having  
moderate means. The charges now are  
not that much of course, but they are  
still far too high; no man can send  
any kind of a message from London to  
New York, for less than ten or twelve  
dollars, in gold. This is an outrage,  
and we sincerely hope the new "Direct  
Cable" may break up the monopolies  
that have so long existed. In these  
days, when large numbers of our people  
go to Europe, the telegraphic communi-  
cation between the two worlds becomes  
almost a matter of necessity; and if the  
rates are cheapened, it will be a great  
and general blessing.  
Boys, think of this as you go stubbing  
your bare toes over the stones in the  
garden of your young life. The richest  
man in La-Crosse, Wisconsin, is a dry  
goods merchant named Mons Anderson.  
He is the largest tax-payer in the city.  
He was born in Norway and made his  
home in La-Crosse about twenty years  
ago, when he was but a poor lad. We  
never heard of his whining or spending  
time or money in dissipation. He went  
to work as a clerk in a store. He was  
there early and late, always earnest,  
polite and cheerful. Little by little he  
gained a foothold. When he had saved  
a few dollars, he bought a little tail end  
of a grocery store and set up for him-  
self. In a few years he had many friends  
and some money ahead. He enlarged  
his business and began to advertise.  
In dull times or good times he advertised  
largely, kept his name before the public  
—kept his store filled with goods and  
customers, joined a church, not for effect  
but because he felt that was the right  
thing to do, and won the respect of per-  
sons of other beliefs and nationality.  
Honest, liberal, truthful, and sound to  
the heart as a gold dollar, he has worked  
his way up the hill till now Mons An-  
derson, the once poor little Norwegian  
boy who was homeless and penniless, is  
to-day not only the leading merchant in  
La-Crosse, but in all the north-western  
part of Wisconsin. In religion he is a  
Baptist. In politics he is a republican.  
In all that makes a man he is above re-  
proach. Such men are the north stars  
for boys—the souls of the nation. Who  
of our readers—the boys and young  
men who read this paragraph—will be  
like him? All honor and abundant  
happiness to such men as Mons An-  
derson, the merchant prince—the honest  
man of La-Crosse.

## TRANSFUSION.

HOW THE BLOOD OF A LAMB MAY SAVE  
THE PERIL.  
As the number and variety of diseases  
increase, the ingenuity of man seems to  
be limitless in the discovery of remedies  
to check them. Old Hippocrates would  
be a poor physician now. He did not  
know as much as one of our greenest  
medical graduates. Still, he, the dadd-  
y of the doctors, was sufficient for his  
own time and people. But what did  
he know about the transfusion of blood,  
or even its circulation? Aristotle him-  
self didn't know the shape of the human  
liver. Those ancient chaps were too  
innocent to look into a man while living,  
and too superstitious to dissect him  
when dead. But in these days, when  
surgeons look at the process of digestion  
through a hole in a man's stomach,  
when convicts are used as material for  
experiments, when all the machinery  
and processes of the human body are  
laid bare to curious eyes, we may expect,  
daily and hourly, new revelations.  
In the last few years, the experiment rage  
among scientific men has been startling,  
to say the least. Indeed, so many facts  
in relation to our bodies have been  
brought to light, that a wonderful im-  
petus has been given to that materialistic  
or positivistic philosophy that has pro-  
vided such a foe to the old forms of reli-  
gious orthodoxy. The whole scientific  
and medical world has watched, with  
intense interest, the progress of Huxley,  
Carpenter and Darwin in their investi-  
gations. When Huxley got to feeling  
about the dividing line between proto-  
plasm and protein,—living matter and  
dead matter,—some thought the modern  
philosopher's stone—the origin of life—  
was about to be explained. But the  
subtle thing eluded his grasp and hid  
itself, forever perhaps, beneath a veil of  
impenetrable mystery. In no way dis-  
couraged by this unexpected result,  
the scientists now say, let us take life  
as it is and thoroughly explore its secret  
channels and relations. Though men  
may not be able to know what life is,  
yet still its phenomena be well com-  
prehended. Already have the biologi-  
cal relations between everything, from  
the lowest fungus to the most perfect  
organization—the human body—been  
well classified. The life of plants is in  
the sap; the life of animals is in the  
blood; but the exact difference between  
the cells of the sap and the corpuscles  
of the blood is what we do not under-  
stand. We know that the sap of one  
plant will mix with that of another, and  
show the union in improved varieties of  
fruit. Hundreds of our fruit-growers  
innoculate, graft and bud every year,  
but few of them appreciate the secret  
energies that bring about the desired  
end. Scientists men, seeing the happy  
consequences of uniting the lives of two  
kinds of plants, have tried the experi-  
ment of combining the lives of two kinds  
of animals. They have said, if the sap  
of an apricot will mingle with that of a  
peach, and make the fruit larger and  
better, will not the blood of a healthy  
dog infused into that of a sickly cat have  
a like beneficial result? So reasoning  
and so believing, they have made some  
experiments that are not more surpris-  
ing than satisfactory. The blood of a  
healthy lamb has lately been injected into  
the veins of a consumptive man, and the  
disease removed. This is a fact that can  
be sustained, and will not appear unre-  
asonable when viewed in the light of re-  
cent discoveries. Healthy blood is just  
what the poor consumptive wants. What  
he needs is made into blood, but the  
process is imperfect and the quality is  
bad. If, then, the pure, vigorous  
blood of the lamb takes the place of the  
thin, watery fluid upon which the sick  
man has been depending for existence,  
why should we wonder at the result?  
It only proves that the life-giving  
properties of a lamb's blood are much  
the same as the life-giving properties of  
a man's blood, and that they will har-  
monize as easily as the life currents of  
the flowering-almond and the peach-tree.  
We think it more than possible this idea  
may prove the leader of a mighty reform  
in medical science, and believe it may  
be of more practical advantage than has  
ever heretofore been imagined.  
**FIFTY YEARS A PAUPER.**—The Troy  
(N. Y.) Press relates the following: In  
the mid-winter, some forty-eight years  
ago, a man by the name of Loomis died  
in Pawlet, Vt. after a long sickness,  
leaving a wife and two children. Ex-  
penses of sickness, and the loss of wages  
for daily labor, made inroads upon the  
scanty stock of money and provisions,  
and the widow was compelled to ask  
temporary assistance of the town. The  
high official refused her request, took her  
little all, and threw her and her children  
upon the town as paupers. In those days  
they were bid off by citizens to the  
highest bidder, but they now have a  
town-house. Mrs. Loomis, with a broken  
heart, and worn out by attending to her  
husband during his long sickness, gave  
up long-cherished wishes, and re-  
marked that the town of Pawlet should  
not wait for a pauper for fifty years.  
She is now 97 or 98 years of age, and  
on her last birthday made her annual  
visit from the town-house to Pawlet, a

## SOME WONDERFUL THINGS.

The Vatican at Rome, which has been  
called the Pope's toy house, has between  
4,000 and 5,000 rooms, and takes a  
travel of about fourteen miles to go  
through all the rooms, which are adorned  
with costly works of art throughout.  
St. Peter's Church at Rome is about  
500 feet high and covers nearly eight  
acres of ground. Its cost has been over  
\$60,000,000. Such buildings as this  
and the Vatican and the vast expenses  
of the Papal Church, have so exhausted  
Italy that half of its people are lazaroni  
and banditti.  
The Palace of Versailles near Paris,  
took me a whole day to walk slowly  
through, there being eight and one-half  
miles of gorgeous halls and rooms paint-  
ed in splendid style. I told my guide  
that such a building with its park and  
fountains must have exhausted all  
France at the time Louis XIV built it.  
He said it did and that it cost 100,000-  
000 francs besides the vast expense of  
the paintings and the park and foun-  
tains, which latter are the largest in  
the world. I thought the Galleries of  
the Louvre, which were then four and  
one-half miles through them, were large  
enough in all conscience, but it seems  
that even that did not satisfy human  
ambition, especially the extravagance  
of royalty.  
London is the largest of all cities,  
having a population of three and a quar-  
ter millions.  
The Zoological Gardens of London  
are the largest in the world. I noticed  
a single bird cage there which covered  
about half an acre of ground.  
The New Gardens of London are the  
largest botanical display in the world.  
The Yosemite Valley of California  
(pronounced Yo-Sem-i-ta) is admitted  
by the best travelers to be the finest  
landscape in the world.  
The Russian Government covers near-  
ly 5,000,000 of square miles. The next  
to the largest government in the world  
is that of the United States which now  
covers nearly 4,000,000 square miles.  
The United States though having  
nothing worth speaking of in the way  
of museums and galleries of art in com-  
parison with Europe, yet has its share  
of superiority, besides having the freest  
of all governments.  
The Central Park of New York is ad-  
mitted by all travelers to be the finest  
public park in the world.  
The Colosseum of New York surpasses  
the European exhibitions of that kind,  
shows the amazing advance that human  
art has attained to. When I went there  
I expected to see nothing but a fine  
stereoscopic picture, but what was my  
astonishment when I reached the dome  
to find myself, as it were, in a new  
world, almost on a new planet. Almost  
any one at first thought would say that  
he was out of door, and standing on a  
great dome, that of St. Paul's London,  
for one can walk around on all sides of  
it, and find the blue sky above and  
around him, with the stars twinkling  
in their infinite distances, the moon  
shining and casting its shadows, while  
hundreds of feet below lies the world's  
metropolis with a thousand streets, a  
million gas lights, and countless build-  
ings standing up as large as life. It  
has no resemblance to a mere picture,  
but seems to be London itself. They  
say it has cost a quarter of a million  
dollars, but that is cheap enough to pay  
for the building of such a great city  
right on the top of New York.  
Barnum's Roman Hippodrome is the  
finest exhibition of the kind of modern  
ages. Having surpassed the world as a  
show, there was no need of publishing  
the lie that he has a collection of ani-  
mals as large as the Zoological Gardens  
of London. If multiplied by ten the  
assertion might be true.  
The new Grand Opera House in Paris  
is the finest temple of amusement in the  
world. The next to the grandest of  
theatrical buildings is Booth's of New  
York. The theaters of New York are  
handsomer and more convenient than  
they generally are in Europe, and I  
will venture the assertion that there are  
more grand residences in New York than  
in London or Paris. This comes from  
the fact that in Europe the upper ten  
are higher than in America, but from  
our institutions which allow all to rise,  
the upper ten thousand are higher in  
America than in Europe.  
The growth of Chicago is about as  
much of a wonder as any I have men-  
tioned. To sweep into the city on one  
of the fine railroads, emerging suddenly

## HOW PATTY SAID "YES."

One long summer afternoon there came  
to Mr. Davidson's the most curious spec-  
imen of an old bachelor the world ever  
heard of. He was old, gray, wrinkled  
and odd. He and Aunt Patty had it  
hot whenever chance threw them to-  
gether; yet still he came, and it was noticed  
that Aunt Patty took unusual pains with  
her dress whenever he was expected.  
One day the contest waged unusually  
strong, and Aunt Patty left in disgust  
and went out into the garden.  
"That bear!" she muttered to herself,  
as she stopped to gather a flower which  
attracted her attention.  
"What did you run for?" said a gruff  
voice behind her.  
"To get rid of you."  
"You didn't do it, did you?"  
"No; you are worse than a burdock  
burr."  
"You won't get rid of me, either."  
"I won't, eh?"  
"Only in one way."  
"And that?"  
"Marry me."  
"What! us two fools get married!  
What would people say?"  
"That's nothin' to us. Come, say yes  
or no; I'm in a hurry."  
"Well, no, then."  
"Very well; good bye, I shan't come  
again."  
"Stop a bit—what a pucker you're  
in."  
"Yes or no?"  
"I must consult—"  
"All right; I thought you were of  
age. Good bye."  
"Jabez Andrews, don't be a fool. Come  
back, I say. Why, I believe the critter  
has taken me for earnest. Jabez An-  
drews, I'll consider."  
"I don't want any considering; I'm  
going. Becky Hastings is waiting for  
me. I thought I'd give you the first  
chance, Patty. 'All right; good bye.'"  
"Jabez! Jabez! That stuck up Beek  
Hastings shan't have him! Jabez, yes!  
Do you hear—y-e-s!"  
How IS PAID THE CZAR TO PLAY THE  
DEVIL.—Nicholas I. was very fond  
of masquerade balls, and, one night, ap-  
peared at one in the character of the  
devil, with grinning face, horns and  
tail, and appeared to enjoy his charac-  
ter very much. About 3 o'clock in the  
morning he went out, and, throwing  
over him some furs, he called a coach-  
man and ordered him to take him to the  
Quay Anglais. As it was very cold he  
fell asleep, and when he found that the  
man had taken him in the "wrong direc-  
tion, for the Quay Anglais is one of the  
most elegant portions of St. Petersburg,  
while before him were only some miser-  
able houses, Nicholas began to re-  
monstrate. The coachman paid no heed to  
him, and presently, passing through a  
stone gate-way, brought him to a cem-  
etery, and taking a large knife from his  
girdle, and pointing it at his employer's  
throat, said: "Give me your money and  
your furs, or I will kill you." "And  
do you give me your soul," exclaimed  
Nicholas, as he through off his furs, and  
disclosed his personification of the devil.  
The Russians are very superstitious, and  
the coachman was so terrified that he  
felt senseless on the ground, and the  
emperor drove himself back to the palace.  
Dr. Bronson of Michigan writes: "My  
remedy for gargel is one teaspoonful of  
saltpetre every other day for three days,  
then skip a few days, and feed again, if  
a cure is not effected. I think three  
doses will heal the most obstinate case.  
By the way, any person keeps cows,  
should feed to each the above dose of  
saltpetre, once in two weeks through  
the milking season, and there will be  
no complaint of gargel."  
A single strong brigade of cavalry, or  
even infantry on Indian ponies, making  
rapid and unexpected marches through  
the Indian country, would do more to  
keep the Indians in awe than five times  
the same force, scattered, as it now is,  
over the whole of the plains.—Army  
and Navy Journal.  
The letters B. B. are becoming fami-  
liar. In Washington, they stand for Ben  
Butler; in New York, for Barnum's Bal-  
loon; in St. Louis, for Big Bridge.